

# The Lady's Tragedy;

O R,

The Languishing Lamentation of a *London Merchant's*  
Daughter, who dy'd for Love of a *Linnen Draper*.

To the Tune of *The Ring of Gold*.

Licensed according to Order.



**W**hy is my Love unkind?  
Why do's he leave me?  
Why do's he change his mind,  
and strive to grieve me?  
He hath some fair One found,  
this I discover,  
And therefore seeks to wound  
his loyal Lover.

I call'd to mind the Note  
which once he made me :-  
Can he forget it now,  
and thus degrade me?

Yes like a Witch he can,  
and flatter many,  
There's no belief in Man,  
no not in any.

They Serpent-like deceive  
young silly Women;  
Who can their Oaths believe,  
since it is common  
For them to swear and lye  
when they are hewing  
The grandest Villany  
to prove our Ruine?





When at my Feet he fell,  
and did implore me,  
His Sorrows to expel,  
seem'd to adore me :  
I out of meer Good-Will,  
bestow'd his Dittie ;  
Kind Hearts must suffer still ;  
the more's the pity.

While he sad Sighs did fetch,  
just as if dying,  
His Hand to me he'd stretch,  
often replying,  
Your Rocky Heart of Stone  
feels no relenting,  
Though for your sake alone,  
I lie lamenting.

Down from his melting Eyes  
Tears they were flowing,  
As he with feigned Cries  
said, I am going  
To the Elizium Shade,  
where Lovers wander,  
Whole Lives have been betray'd,  
Hearts rent in sunder.

This said, My Heart did bleed,  
and melt within me ;  
To him I ran with speed,  
his Words did win me :  
Straightway I granted Love,  
and Pledges gave him ;  
Rather than guilty prove,  
I'd dye to save him.

Thus from his wretched State  
did I restore him ;  
But O unhappy Fate !  
I fall before him ;  
In Chains of Love I lye,  
loaden with anguish ;  
Now let me, let me die,  
why should I languish !

Why did I not, when born,  
my Breath surrender,  
Rather than bear the Scorn  
of my Pretender !  
The torment which I feel  
this very hour,  
Alas ! I would conceal,  
but ha'n't the power.

The News to him will go,  
how I lamented ;  
Which he should never know,  
could I prevent it ?  
He that could cringe and bow  
first to enjoy me,  
Then strike, and slay how  
he might destroy me.

Farewell my Parents dear,  
Father, and Mother ;  
You'll lose your Darling dear,  
though you have no other :  
Yet never weep for me,  
Once I am going  
Where Joys shall ever be  
like Fountains flowing.



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